

MR. DOOLEY ON CAMPAIGN MANAGERS

By FINLEY PETER DUNNE



HERE'S nawthin' an' Sunshine, th' campaign manager, I'd like to be so much as a campaign manager. I've just had a letter fr'm th' Culture Club said Mr. Dooley, (Colored) iv Red Bank, Noo Jersey, 'It's th' most joyal employment in th' wurld. Nawthin' to do but laugh an' be an' count th' money. In ivry other provvyon that I know about, aven me own, there ar-re times when a man will get low in th' mind, but th' campaign manager is always cheery. There ar-re niver no clouds in his sky, but th' burds ar-re warblin' in th' three night an' day, an' he sings at his wurruk figurin' out fr'm a straw vote iv three hundred an' eighty-five visitors to Grant's Tomb that the city iv Oaklyoss, Iowa, will give a hundred an' forty thousand majority fr his candy-date.

"Nawthin' discourges him, an' anythin' short iv a lick over th' head with a brake-handle fills him full iv hope. Ivrybody else in th' party gets discouraged fr'm time to time. Aven th' candydate whin he sees himself in th' glass in th' mornin' before shavin' must sometimes wonder if anybody at all will be foolish enough to hurry through breakfast to vote fr th' likes iv him. He goes down to headquarters with a kind iv an idee in his head that he may get off th' ticket an' give his place to a more showy candy-date. As he enter th' dure he hears a wild burst iv cheerin' fr'm th' back room, read: 'Hurray fr honest iv Ephraim

"Yes, sir, th' campaign manager is a gr-reat distributor iv harmless hi-larity. But fr him at th' minyit ivry candydate on th' ticket who's made a ginooine study iv his own qualifications wud be at home with his jaw in his hands wonderin' how overhelmin' th' majority again him will be or seekin' an escape fr'm th' fury iv th' popylace be jumpin' into th' river. Whin all seems lost an' th' sky is darkest; whin his speeches ar-re accompanied by th' low murmur iv pleasant conversation an' th' thrump iv feet marchin' out in disgust; whin th' conductor that punches his ticket on th' thrain looks as though he wud like to do th' same fr his face, th' blithe spirit at headquarters will prove to him in five minyits that th' risolutions passed by th' First Presbyteryan Church iv Passaic callin' on volunteers to lynch him was merely a ruse iv his friends to make th' Methodists enthusiastic; that th' supporters ar-re all pluggin' th' straw votes so's to get their money down at fav'able odds; that th' editors agin him in th' pa-pers ar-re really aerostics an' if ye look at thim right, read: 'Hurray fr honest iv Ephraim



"IN ALL TH' GLAD NEW YEAR THIS IS TH' MADDEST, MERRIEST NIGHT FR HIM."



"GR-REAT MULTICHOODS IV SILENT PATIRITES PUTTIN' ON FALSE WHISKERS AN' CREEPIN' INTO TH' POLLIN' PLACES."

Figures; that th' opposition iv the money powers will bring him thousand's iv labor votes an' th' opposition iv th' labor leaders makes th' stock exchange solid fr him, an' that th' final thing that was needed to clinch his victory was th' publication iv th' report that he had embezzled th' funds iv a foundlings' home. "After th' treatment th' candydate goes home an' begins to check his thrunks fr Washington an' consult with his wife about repaperin' th' East room. On th' day after illection th' campaign manager doesn't aven want to be thanked fr his services, but, like a careful good fairy, slips away an' niver is heard iv again. Whin th' candydate has examined th' figures carefully he borrows th' loan iv a brick fr'm a frind an' goes down to headquarters to express in suitable terms his appreciation iv his rainbow. All that he finds is a public statement fr'm Gleeful Gus sayin' that he is gratified by th' magnificent showin' made by th' organization. It was more thim he had any reason to expect with a candy-date whose face was enough to turn a sorghum mill into a pickle factory.

"Ye feel down-hearted tonight, Hinnissy. Ye don't know whether th' vine-

gar cruet iv yer choice is goin' to win powers will bring him thousand's iv labor votes an' th' opposition iv th' labor leaders makes th' stock exchange solid fr him, an' that th' final thing that was needed to clinch his victory was th' publication iv th' report that he had embezzled th' funds iv a foundlings' home. "After th' treatment th' candydate goes home an' begins to check his thrunks fr Washington an' consult with his wife about repaperin' th' East room. On th' day after illection th' campaign manager doesn't aven want to be thanked fr his services, but, like a careful good fairy, slips away an' niver is heard iv again. Whin th' candydate has examined th' figures carefully he borrows th' loan iv a brick fr'm a frind an' goes down to headquarters to express in suitable terms his appreciation iv his rainbow. All that he finds is a public statement fr'm Gleeful Gus sayin' that he is gratified by th' magnificent showin' made by th' organization. It was more thim he had any reason to expect with a candy-date whose face was enough to turn a sorghum mill into a pickle factory.

th' sprite iv dimmycratic headquarters, gladdens th' heart iv his followers with this inspirin' ballad: 'Th' nation has spoken. All that now remains to be done is th' useless formality iv addin' up th' figures. Th' country has nobly responded to th' appeals iv that joyal prince iv good fellows an' divle-may-care was, Woodrow Wilson. I ask me fellow-citizens not to wait fr th' returns to come in, but to gather around th' festive board this very night, fill th' beakers to th' brim with lime juice an' drink th' health iv th' next President iv th' United States."

"Over at th' raspyphon headquarters Cheerful Charlie Hilles-an' he's th' boy I'd like to have wake me—sets chuckin' to himself. Says he: 'Pay no attention to what people say that tell ye how th' ye're goin' to vote. It's th' people who ar-re afraid to say what they're fr that will determine this illection. Me long experience in pollytics has taught me that. It goes without sayin' that th' fewer th' number iv people ye hear boastin' they'll vote fr Willum Hatch Taft th' larger his majority will be. Whin

I shut me eyes an' half dose I can see versal gloom because iv that? No, sir, puttin' on false whiskers an' gum shoes an' creepin' into th' pollin' places whin th' judges ar-re out gettin' a drink an' fillin' th' ballot boxes so full iv Taft bal-lots that they will bust at th' seams. Th' dignified campaign conducted by th' President through bill posters an' newspaper advertisin' placed next to th' wild ravin's iv Rosenfelt an' th' insipid rantin' iv th' pro-fessor an' other readin' matter, has borne fruit an' tonight to say that Taft's majority is handsome wud be like makin' th' same complaint to Niagara Falls. How do I know? Because a careful study iv th' most accrete statistics will prove it to th' most ignorant. Fr example: A canvass iv Bill Barnes shows practically no opposition on his part to th' President. Complete returns fr'm Charles P. Taft ar-re most encouragin'.

"A straw vote iv th' cabnet shows Taft four, Rosenfelt wan, an' three fr th' throwin' th' illection into th' House iv Ripsinativates. I have compiled other reliable statistics all pointin' in th' same direction, as th' hopefulness iv th' President's immedjet family, th' return iv Andrew Carnaygle, th' fullness iv th' moon, a shootin' star that fell last night, a number iv fav'able dreams communicated to me by me aunt, an' th' significant fact that many iv th' posters we stuck up on th' fince ar-re still there. What more proof cud a campaign manager want? An' he gives three hearty cheers an' goes downstairs an' asks th' man at th' see-gar counter what he's heard about th' campaign."

"Sure, they don't know anny more about it thim anybody else," said Mr. Hennessey.

"Iv course not," said Mr. Dooley, "but durin' th' campaign."

wud ye have thim stop dispersin' th' uni-versal gloom because iv that? No, sir, puttin' on false whiskers an' gum shoes an' creepin' into th' pollin' places whin th' judges ar-re out gettin' a drink an' fillin' th' ballot boxes so full iv Taft bal-lots that they will bust at th' seams. Th' dignified campaign conducted by th' President through bill posters an' newspaper advertisin' placed next to th' wild ravin's iv Rosenfelt an' th' insipid rantin' iv th' pro-fessor an' other readin' matter, has borne fruit an' tonight to say that Taft's majority is handsome wud be like makin' th' same complaint to Niagara Falls. How do I know? Because a careful study iv th' most accrete statistics will prove it to th' most ignorant. Fr example: A canvass iv Bill Barnes shows practically no opposition on his part to th' President. Complete returns fr'm Charles P. Taft ar-re most encouragin'.

"It's thrivin' on th' candydate's ap-petite th' mornin' after illection, but only wan iv th' candydates ever grabs fr a second helpin' at that meal, anyhow. Th' best thing ye can do fr anny man is to fill him full iv hope an' postpone th' dis-appointments as long as ye can. Continue to jab him till th' last minyit, but be sure ye're out iv his way whin he comes to."

"So here's a long life to th' glee club iv campaign managers. They ought to have a good time durin' th' campaign, fr they niver have afterward. If they don't illet their candydate he's sure to blame thim, an' if they do illet thim he wonders how many more votes he wud've got if they hadn't been in his way. Manny a successful campaign manager, flushed with triumph, has caught cold waitin' in th' front hall iv th' White House fr th' President to come out an' say he's sorry but th' job was promised immedjet upon the nation."

"Annyhow, it's only a few days before we'll know which wan iv these joyous souls made th' worst guess. But who cares? Yer little boys has th' right idee iv th' illection. They were out stealin' barls fr their bone-fire today. They won't care who's illected President so long as they can dance aroun' th' fire. I feel th' same way meself. I'm niver wan iv th' kind that looks on illection day as a day iv fast an' abstinence. No, sir; th' holiday. An illection fr President is wan iv th' gr-reat festivals iv th' poor an' it don't cost annythin'. I'm goin' to give meself over to injuin' it."

"I'm goin' to get up in th' mornin', stroll down to th' pollin' place, have a few wurruks with th' pollsmen, get a ballot fr'm th' clerk, stay in th' booth till th' judges wonder if I've swooned, make wan assault on th' head iv a gargin' column with th' stub iv a lead pencil supplied by a gin'rous government, fold up th' blanket carefully, hand it to th' judge, an' watch to see he don't slip it into his boot, an' go out an' argey an' fight th' livelong day ontill th' returns come in. I will thim say to wan an' all: 'It's just as I said it wud be three months ago, if ye remember, and climb into th' tickin'. An' in th' mornin' I'll buy me a new hat an' begin life over agin. But I'm niver goin' to feel bad, no matter what happens. If th' country is goin' to th' divle I've got to go along, too. I can't stop it an' I can't get off. I'm billed through with it. I've med up my mind to get what pleasure I can out iv th' worst that can happen."

"D'ye think th' result iv th' illection will have anny effect on th' cost iv livin'?" asked Mr. Hennessey.

"Sure, it will," said Mr. Dooley, "fr th' successful candydate."

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"HE'S GOT ENOUGH STRAW VOTES TO STUFF ALL TH' CARPETS IN INDIANNY."

WHAT THE "YELLOW PERILS" OF THE FUTURE ARE LIKE

WILLIAM ARCHER, the Critic and Essayist, Says the Japanese Child Is Going to Be Formidable When He Grows Up, Not Only Because of His Training, But Because There Are So Many of Him—But He Gives Reasons for Believing That American Children Have Nothing to Fear From Their Yellow Cotemporaries When They Grow Up—Archer Is Now Traveling in Baluchistan and Studying Conditions There.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

TOKIO, October 9, 1912.

OME one has called Japan the "paradise of children," and, paradise or no, the country of children it may well be called. The first thing that strikes the newly arrived traveler is the amazing quiverfulness of the country. In city, in village, in hamlet, wherever you go, children seem to swarm out of the earth or plumed from thin air. The foreigner comes to feel like a Pied Piper of Hamelin, so preternatural is his attraction for the little folk. He cannot stop to make a purchase, and much less to take a photograph, without being surrounded by a crowd of from twenty to fifty children—outlet-headed, close-cropped boys in the cotton kimonos, pretty little girls in bright-colored, often garish, gowns, with still brighter or more garish sashes (obi). Almost all the girls, moreover, and some of the boys are certain to be carrying smaller children strapped to their backs, or toddling along with the heads of two sturdy infants dangling at her shoulders. When the stranger moves on, the children sometimes will follow in one's tracks for miles, silent for the most part, but sometimes relying on one's ignorance of their language to make remarks which are anything but flattering.

serious annoyance. "Red-headed barbarian" is among the mildest of the epithets they fling at the inoffensive tourist, and their coarseness, he it noted, are never known to check them.

The odd thing about this appearance of ultra-fecundity is that statistics show it to be in great measure illusory. If figures are to be trusted the population of Japan is not increasing any faster than that of England. The somewhat higher birth rate is counterbalanced by a higher death rate. Yet it is certain that the number of children is increasing.



"ALMOST ALL THE GIRLS ARE CERTAIN TO BE CARRYING SMALLER CHILDREN STRAPPED TO THEIR BACKS."

ten children in Japan for every one that is visible in England. This is partly explained by the fact that the street in the Japanese nursery, and that the normal Japanese house has no walls in the daytime. But if the contrast between Japan and England be partly explicable, what of the contrast between Japan and other oriental regions?

Both China and India are notably prolific countries, yet in neither is the child anything like so much in evidence as in Japan. The "paradise" of Mohammedan and high-caste Hindu women has doubtless some influence in India. The selection of the mothers involves, to some extent, that of the children. But there is no "paradise" in China. Why, then, should the Chinese child be incomparably less conspicuous than the Japanese? The fact

is, undoubtedly, that I have never heard it explained. One thing must be said for the Japanese child—he seldom or never weeps. In China the children are almost as shameless beggars as in southern Italy. Once when I was walking with a lady through the labyrinthine alleys of a Chinese city a stark naked, well-fed urchin of eight or so beset us for half a mile, occasionally throwing himself in the mud at our feet and literally howling for alms. My companion, flustered to the ways of the place, was at a loss to know what to do.

What are the merits of the education they receive? On this point it is difficult for one who knows no Japanese to form an opinion. Though the schoolmasters are badly underpaid, the elementary teaching is probably quite good. In spite of the appalling difficulty of learning to read and write Japanese, with its Chinese ideographs, helped out by two subsidiary "syllabaries" of some fifty characters apiece, it would seem that practically the whole younger generation may fairly be called literate. Certainly there is no word in more elegant than in Japan. Inscriptions and placards, on stone, wood and paper, meet the eye at every turn.

Popular newspapers abound and the book stores of the cities are piled with cheap magazines and other indications of a wide reading public. B. H. Chamberlain, himself a master of Japanese, goes the length of saying that the rapidity with which Japanese schoolboys learn to read and write proves that the most complicated system of notation presents little difficulty to a child if only he be caught young enough. Japanese authorities do not quite agree to this. I have heard a Japanese scholar describe the national method of writing as "diabolical." There can be little doubt, I think, that it places a serious handicap on education. There was at one time a strong movement for adopting the Roman alphabet, but the difficulties seem to be very great, and the movement has died with the general decline in enthusiasm for things European.

The fact remains that up to the level of the "three R's" the Japanese child is probably well educated. He can read, he can write, and, as for arithmetic, he can rattle the beads of his abacus with astonishing deftness. He is grounded in the official (and very mendacious) history of his country, and he absorbs official morality from an ethical textbook.

usually English. So absolute is the dissimilarity of the mental processes underlying Japanese syntax and that of any Aryan tongue, that English, French or German is, to the Japanese, scarcely less difficult than Japanese is to us. A proof of this may be found in the fact that one seldom comes across a Japanese who speaks English passably well. Many who have studied English long, and possibly read it with tolerable ease, are painfully incompetent when it comes to speaking.

No doubt most of us can read languages that we cannot speak, but that is simply lack of practice. In the case of many Japanese, no amount of practice seems to help. They are congenitally incapable of framing a thought on the European model. Simple as it seems, the adoption of this western fashion is likely to have far-reaching consequences. In process of time it will probably modify the national habit of squatting upon the mat, and already doctors aver that the practice of sitting at school is promoting the growth of the rising generation. Before I heard this theory ad-

vanced, I had remarked upon the fact that if ever one saw in the streets a person of almost European stature, he was sure to be a youth of from fifteen to twenty-five.



"CHILDREN SEEM TO SWARM OUT OF THE EARTH OR MATERIALIZED FROM THIN AIR."

mentally, Laffredo Hearn in his "Diary of a Teacher" tells of some pathetic cases within his own experience. "Nature," he says, "exacts a heavy school fee, and rigidly collects her debt in human life." He lays some of the blame upon underfeeding, but our vegetarian friends will probably deny any necessary relation between beefsteaks and mental stamina. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that it is often the most promising and generally the most ambitious boys who are stricken down. They do not always succumb directly to cerebral troubles; often they destroy themselves after falling in an examination. There is a famous waterfall between Nikko and Chusenji which is a favorite place for the suicide of students. I have forgotten the exact number of those who threw themselves over in the course of one recent season. I think it was fifteen—certainly not less.

have a very narrow range, but within that range it is always fluent, and often remarkably good. With the Japanese the case is just the reverse. Their helpless struggles for expression often do grave injustice to their real knowledge of the language.

The Japanese student, in short, has to face enormous difficulties in getting at all and traditional habits of thought, western thought through the medium of languages with which his own has no single point of contact. True, he has not as a rule to struggle with Greek and Latin; but in some cases, at any rate, Chinese takes their place in his curriculum. The result is a tragic frequency of

no reason to doubt that Japanese education, on the whole, makes for national efficiency within the limits imposed by the constitution of the Japanese mind. These limits are to be found, so far as one can rather, in a certain lack of imagination and originality, with a corresponding tendency to fall into conventional and traditional habits of thought.

Hence, no doubt, the apparent success with which a factitious emperor worship has been imposed upon the nation. The Japanese are naturally and properly patriotic. Their history down to the time of the Meiji revolution had been so small that it was impossible to see the small error delayed the progress of an imperial train in which the late mikado was traveling. No accident occurred nor does it appear that there was any danger of one, but the station master, incontinent, killed himself. The point of the anecdote, however, lies in the sequel. A professor in one of the universities incautiously expressed the opinion that this act of expiation was rather excessive. Whereupon he was promptly boycotted and, I understand, compelled to resign his post. To such extremes is emperor worship carried.

It may seem, then, that all I have said goes to show that the Japanese are an extremely formidable people. They are prolific, well educated, intelligent and united in a self-sacrificing religion of patriotism. They have also given ample proof that they are good fighters, both by land and sea. Does it not appear that other nations, whose coast lines front the Pacific may well regard them with disquietude?

I do not think so, for various reasons, which must be very briefly stated. In the first place, the natural resources of the Japanese are very scanty. It is in reality a poor country, ill-fitted to bear the strain of a great war, waged at a distance from its own shores. I do not believe that its statement are mad enough to contemplate aggression upon the United States or upon any part of the British empire so long as the British empire holds together.

If crushing disaster were to overtake the sea power of England, the case might be different; but even then it is difficult to conceive that whatever power succeeded to the command of the sea would permit the conquest of a white man's land by a yellow race. Secondly, I believe that as education and culture take deeper hold on the people they will gradually become less prolific. Already the cost of living and the standard of comfort are rising, and as this process goes on the nation will tend less and less to outgrow its natural boundaries. It may seek to widen its outlet in Manchuria, a splendid country, but that need not greatly disturb us Anglo-Saxons.

In the third place, I do not believe that that fanatical aspect of Japanese patriotism is either healthy or durable. For defensive purposes it may be useful—the war with Russia was really defensive. But if it were to tempt Japan into aggressive adventures, it might very likely receive a "nasty knock" that would shake the people's faith in their "divine" figurehead. The real "yellow peril" would arise, if Japanese energy and cunning were to obtain control of the giant resources of China, but that is a contingency on which it would be premature to speculate.

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